

A Celebration of Life



Ethel Brown

SUNRISE: FEBRUARY 18, 1920<>SUNSET: MAY 6, 2017

Celebration Service: Monday, May 15, 2017 at 11 am

Bethlehem Missionary Baptist Church<>684 Juliga Woods Street, Richmond CA 94804

Reverend Dr. Alvin C. Bernstine, Pastor

Officiant: Reverend Dr. Samuel L. Van Hook

Obituary

Ethel Van Hook, the tenth child of Samuel S. and Willie G. Walston-Van Hook, was born on February 18, 1920 in Prescott, Arkansas,

She united with Mt. Cana Baptist Church at an early age.

In 1939, Ethel graduated from high school, Upchurch Training School. She attended and graduated from Arkansas Baptist College in Little Rock, Arkansas in 1942, receiving her teaching credentials. She taught one year in Beirne, Arkansas (close to Prescott), allowing her to commute home on weekends.

In 1943, in search of a more secure life, Ethel sought work in Yakima, Washington, where she met and married Tidal Lamour Dixon. During the same year, the young newlyweds left Washington for California. Their son, Tidal Lamour Dixon, Jr. was born in California on May 20, 1944. The family returned to Washington for better job opportunities. Mr. Dixon, Sr. passed away in 1953 and Ethel Van Hook-Dixon returned to California to be with family.

She immediately became a member of Bethlehem Missionary Baptist Church joining the choir. under the pastorate of Reverend Phanor. Many of the Van Hook family were already members, including her father, Samuel S. Van Hook, Sr. Ethel continued her membership under the late Reverend Dr. A. H. Newman and the current pastor, Reverend Dr. A. C. Bernstine.

Ethel held several positions and participated in many ministries during her tenure with Bethlehem: Bible Study Leader, Instructor of Church School Classes and Superintendent of the Intermediate Church School Class, Director of the Senior Choir and, currently serving as President of the Choir for over 20 years, Advisor to the Pastor of Music, Worship and Fine Arts Ministry. The Dedication and Consecration of the Ethel Van Hook Brown Music Academy was held on July 14, 2013.

She loved singing and teaching old and new songs to her nieces and nephews. They were anxious to get together with her because being in her presence anytime was a gift. She was even teaching the 5th generation of Van Hook's (Marcus, Jr. and Sam, Sam) shaped notes.

Ethel Dixon met Robert (Bob) L. Brown, a real estate broker, in 1956. They were married in 1960. Ethel and Bob worked for 38 years in real estate. He passed on February 11, 2001. She closed their office but she continued to amaze all those loved ones she left behind. She lived a blessed life and she loved us all.

Ethel was preceded in death by her parents, five brothers: Havis, Ora Mayfield, Sr., Dennis, Lewis Napoleon and Samuel S., Jr.; five sisters: Johnnie, Ruby, Hattie, Wadie and Gladys.

Ethel leaves to mourn her passing, one son: Tidal Lamour Dixon, Jr.; one grandson: Keith Lamour Dixon (both of Richmond CA); one great granddaughter: Kamiah Dixon (Suisun CA); one sister-in-law: Sallie Van Hook (Concord CA); one step-daughter: Barbara Jean Brown (Oakland CA); a devoted daughter-in-law: Clarice Dixon (Richmond CA) and many beloved family and friends.

Order of Service

Processional.....Clergy and Family

Scriptures:

Old Testament.....*Psalms 90*.....Reverend Julius Van Hook

New Testament.....*1 Thessalonians 4:13-18*.....Reverend Marcus W. Van Hook

Prayer.....Pulpit

Selection.....BMBC MWFA Ministry

Acknowledgements/Condolences.....Sister Tonya Bailey

Selection.....*This Old Soul of Mine*.....Reverend Julius Van Hook

Obituary.....Sister Tonya Bailey

Selection.....*Precious Memories*.....Reverend Flokey Van Hook

Expressions.....*2 Minutes*.....Led by Pulpit

Selection.....*I Won't Complain*.....Deacon Jimmy Stuart

Eulogy.....Reverend Dr. Alvin C. Bernstine

Selections:

What Will I Leave Behind.....Brother Clarence Van Hook

Come Over Here.....Ethel Brown, Lamont & Clarence Van Hook

Viewing.....Choir Selections

Recessional.....

Pallbearers

Kelly Bailey
Darrell Dixon
Lisa Dixon
Angelo Harris
Bradis McGriff

Terrence Norman
Ronald Van Hook
Wilma Van Hook
Renaee White
Joseph Williams

Honorary Pallbearers

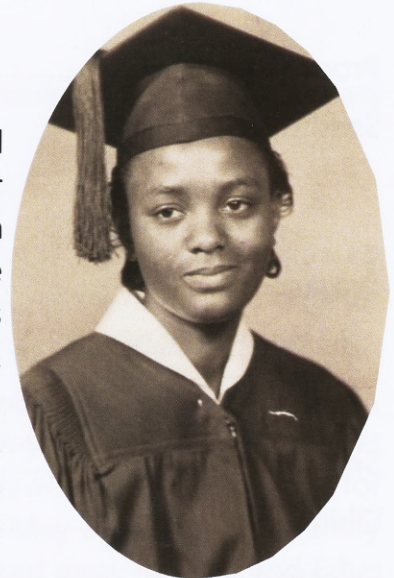
BMBC Music, Worship and Fine Arts Ministry
Grand & Great-Grand Nieces and Nephews

Repast ~ Immediately following services in Burnett/Washington Fellowship Hall

My Story

I was born in Prescott, Arkansas, February 18, 1920.

I spent my early years in the Mt. Cana Community where I attended school until about the 5th grade. That sixth year was a tough one for me. The school district ran out of money and we only had a 2-month school term. In order to further our education, we walked 5 miles to the Sweet Home Settlement where they had summer school, and 5 miles back home. After that year, we were able to return to Mt. Cana School. Meanwhile, I was blessed to be able to take the school bus to the Up-church Training School which took grades through "High School". Things went well—I graduated from high school in 1939. I was 19 years of age—a little behind because of the 2-month school year. But I wanted to keep going. There were no jobs, except on the farm, or in housekeeping and babysitting for our White neighbors. I wanted more than that. So I approached by Dad one afternoon when he came home from work; I said, "Papa, I've been thinking about school. I'd like to go to college." He said, "It takes money to go to college and I don't have it. If I can keep these patches growing, and the Grocery Stores uptown continue to buy the produce, I might have some money by September when school starts." That was music to my ears.



There were 2 families in our neighborhood who had girls to go to college—I thought a talk with them would help me to decide where I could go. I went to one family and found that their girls went to college in Texas. I didn't want to

go out of state. I went to the other family—one girl went to Arkansas Baptist College, Little Rock, Arkansas. She encouraged me to go there. I discussed my financial situation with her and she said, "if you manage to get in, and you are trying, President Coggs will not put you out. He will allow you to finish school, get a job and pay if you owe." I rushed back to tell my Dad this. He said, "we'll give it a try." He engaged my cousin who had a truck to take him and me to Little Rock. We had a meeting with the President, told him our situation. He told us about places that donated

food to the college. In Studgart, Arkansas, they raised rice and donated rice by the bushels to the college.



My Dad asked if we could bring some canned goods to the school and get credit. He said he would be happy to accept it.

We told that to my mother. She got her daughters together and we canned 800 quarts of fruits and vegetables and took them to the college. That went a long way on tuition and other expenses.

When September came, I went to school. After two weeks, they gave me a job in the kitchen making biscuits. I worked one month, they paid me \$18.00 per month. Then they took me from the kitchen, gave me a job answering the door bell. When the door bell rang, day or night, if I wasn't in class, I was to answer the *bell*. We had to go to church every Sunday, 10 blocks from the Girls Dorm. They gave me the job of Chaperone. Pretty soon, I had more jobs than I could handle. I pressed hair in the Dorm for 20 cents a head and I had money all the time.



I finished there in 2 years and got my teaching credentials. It was time to look for a job. The President knew of an opening at a Junior College in the city as Dean of Women. I went to inquire about the job. I asked about salary; they told me they paid \$45.00 per month. I told them I would think about it and get back to them soon. I kept looking. I left Little Rock and went home.

My sister's grandfather-in-law was on the School Board in Beirne, Arkansas where his son was retiring. I had a meeting with him. I asked about salary. He told me they paid \$50.00 per month.

I accepted that job because it was close to home; I could go home weekends when I wanted to. I could also have reasonable room and board with my sister and brother-in-law. I was desperate to take a job so I could reimburse my parents for the sacrifice they had made for me. It was a good year; things went well; I accomplished my goal.



Then I wanted to find work in the Shipyards where they were making money. I went to Washington State to the Yakima Valley where I had relatives. There were no Shipyards. I took a job as a waitress in a Cafeteria. During my stay there, I met a nice young man by the name of Tidal Dixon. During the next year we were married. We moved on to Vancouver, Washington and worked in the Shipyards. Later, we decided to move to California where we both had relatives. We came and we worked in the Shipyards until they closed. Our son, Tidal Dixon, Jr., was born here. Tidal Sr. wanted to move back to Washington to a defense job where he had worked before. We moved back to his job and I worked in the canneries and the rest homes.



In 1953, he passed away. My son and I moved back to California to be with family. About three years later, I met another young man who was a real estate broker. About three years later, we were married. He encouraged me to go to school for a Real Estate license, and we could work together. I did that. We worked together 38 years. His health started to fail in 1998 but he still wanted to go to the office. When he didn't feel like driving, I drove him. He would make a few calls and sit by the window and watch the traffic. He passed away in 2001. I closed the office. I still go there occasionally—sit and reminisce.

I'll close with words of a song we sing—*If the Lord doesn't do anything else for me, He's done enough.*

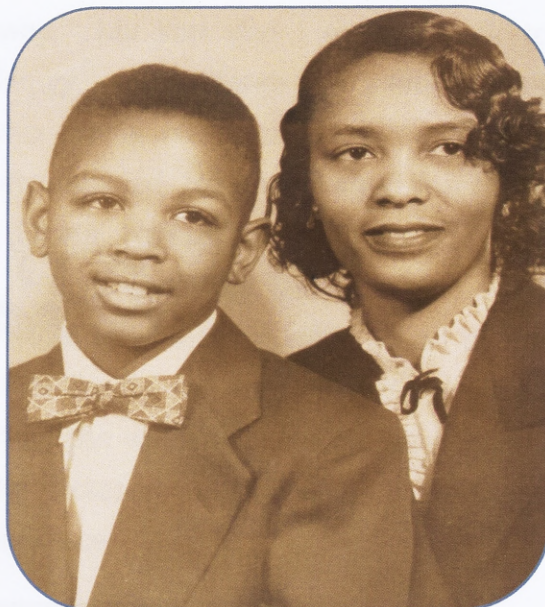
Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow

It's in the click of my heels,
The bend of my hair,
The palm of my hand,
The need for my care
'Cause I'm a woman
Phenomenally
Phenomenal woman,
That's me.



Precious Memories







July 15, 2015

Dear Aunt Ethel & Uncle Clarence,

I hope this package finds you both well. I'm enclosing a CD with a song that I'd LOVE to sing with both of you entitled "Come Over Here". I'll be in the Bay Area for a few days around the end of August and I'd like to get together and rehearse it so that when the right opportunity presents itself, we'll be ready to sing it.

My idea is for Aunt Ethel to sing the lead with Uncle Clarence on the bottom with guitar and me on the top with piano. Check out the key Aunt Ethel and let me know if we need to make any adjustments. Right now the song is in C major.

I'm already excited and I hope you both like this song. I also included another song from this group just because I like it. 😊

I'm already excited and I love you both ~

Lamont

Come Over Here

Chorus

Come, Come over here where the sun is shining
Oh, over here there is shelter from the storm and rain
Step, step on board this old ark of safety
For the ground where you're standing is sinking sand

I

If, if you are lost somewhere in the darkness
And you feel there is no hope for you
You just call, call on the Captain
Of this old ark of safety
His name, His name is Jesus and He will rescue you.

Chorus

II

If, if there's a mountain in your life, and you cannot
climb it
If you have tried and you cannot tunnel through
You just have faith
And take it all to the altar
Just give it, give it to Jesus and He'll move that mountain
for you.

Chorus

Acknowledgement

On behalf of the family of Ethel Brown, we want to express our heartfelt gratitude to the many friends for your expressions of love and support in our hour of bereavement. Such thoughtfulness expressed in love and kindness has made our sorrow a little lighter to bear.

We ask that you continue to keep us in your thoughts and prayers.
May God bless and keep you.

The Family



To God Be the Glory

Internment
Sunset View Cemetery

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